

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, I be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starue ere I be rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yarden of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be hangd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, I be peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when I least is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What? a coward Sir *John Pannch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John* of *Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynes.* Sirra *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, & stand

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynes.* Heere hard by stand close.

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, eue ry man to his busines.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throats: a horse on caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere: on bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand lurers, are ye? weele iure ye yfaith.

*Heere they rob them and bind them; Enter the Prince, and Poynes.*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that *Poynes* than in a wild Ducke.

*Prince.*